

# CONTACTS

Published Monthly by **T. EATON CO. LIMITED** of Winnipeg, Manitoba,  
for distribution to the Co-workers of the Organization.

Editor: MORAY SINCLAIR

VOL. 1

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No. 3

## *Eatonia*

Bound up in that familiar blue and white label is all the prestige of this great organization. It is the perfect expression of the cardinal merchandising principle upon which Eaton's has grown to greatness—the most jealously guarded heritage we possess—"Good Value and Reliability."

Throughout its history, Eaton's has striven consistently to supply a better standard of value, dollar for dollar, than is ordinarily obtainable elsewhere. Some years ago, however, it was decided that it was incompatible with Eaton ideas of conservatism to issue sweeping statements that every last item of merchandise on our counters was definitely a better value than a similar item elsewhere. Regardless of how closely such claims might approach truth, they still tended to exaggeration totally foreign to the Eaton policy.

But what could be done—and what was done—was to single out certain lines of merchandise and by concentrating all the resources of the company on them, so improve them that their superiority of value was beyond all conjecture—and then to hall-mark them definitely, by giving them a brand name. Thus was the *Eatonia* line born. And after it, all the other Eaton branded lines. *Eatonia* was the first.

Today, buyers scour the markets of the world in search for materials to improve the *Eatonia* standard. Research Bureaus maintain constant vigilance in order that in no particular shall that standard weaken. Shoppers keep careful finger on the public pulse. Experts study new production methods—new style trends—all that *Eatonia* shall ever be the highest expression of "Good Value and Reliability," whether the article bearing it be a silk stocking or a garden rake—a modish handbag or a sewing machine.

Consider as an example of this strict adherence to standard the *Eatonia* men's suit. It sells for twenty-five dollars and is at that price, so we claim, the best value obtainable. Not without reason—compare the *Eatonia* suit, point by point—style, material and workmanship, with any \$25 suit in the market, and the *Eatonia* wins in a walk. Get down to the bed-rock of tailorcraft and see; weigh the material—take the garment to pieces and examine the work. At practically every inch you will see the *Eatonia* ideal at work to make it smarter, easier-fitting, longer wearing, better looking—hidden evidence to back up the proud boast of the label sewn to it.

So with every article in every *Eatonia* line. They're the "crack salesmen"—the vested representatives of the Company upon whom in the final analysis rests a tremendous measure of our reputation and status in the eyes of the world.

That responsibility we can leave to them with perfect confidence. *Eatonia* stands true!



## 'CROSS SECTIONS

### *Camera!*

Some editorial responsibility or other took us over to the Photographic Finishing Department the other day, and while attending to the details thereof, we made bold to ask Mr. W. Gould if he would show us around the place. Mr. Gould obligingly consented, and all unsuspecting, we followed the gentleman to a reasonably innocent-looking door and stepped blithely in.

Immediately, we regretted our rashness, for we found ourselves in the midst of an inky void, which, save for a sinister patch of ruby light which glowed evilly in one corner, was black with the blackness of the pit. Voices came weirdly out of the dark where no forms were seen, and the air was heavy with a most unappetising smell. We longed wistfully for the airy brightness of 136!

Presently, however, the voices around and about us agreed that it would be O.K. to turn a light on. A switch clicked—and we breathed again a little more freely. This was the antechamber of the "Dark Room"—where films are stripped of their protecting paper, tagged, hung lengthwise on racks, and weighted at the lower end with metal clips. A rack holds six films, and there are ten racks to a frame. As soon as a frame is made up, it's shoved through a hole in the wall to the Main Chamber of Horrors of the Dark Room. Here, in a huge sink ten feet square, stand eight 40-gallon tanks—four a side, with a platform down the centre upon which the attendant stands, moving each frame in turn

from developer to running water—from the water to the fixative mixture, and on into running water again. Temperature control is all-important in these baths apparently—Mr. Gould informed us that anything was apt to happen with a developer too warm or too cold, and so each bath is jacketed, and steam or cold water in the jackets keeps the mixture at a constant temperature.

Having been developed and fixed, the racks are then passed into the drying cabinet where as many as 350 rolls an hour can be dried by the passage of hot air over their surfaces. When the rolls are dried, they are cut into sections and passed into the dimly-illuminated printing room, where the prints are made, electrically. Each print is stamped with a serial number at the time of printing, and after developing and thorough washing with running water in big rotary washers, they go to the drier and polisher. This is a big heated roller of highly-polished metal working against another roller of fabric which absorbs all the moisture from the prints. Then through another rolling machine called the flattener which takes out all the crinkles that the amateur finds so annoying—and finally to a sorting desk—into the envelope and back to the Camera Counter or the mail. But before that, every single print is carefully checked for quality and accuracy, and let one fall down in the slightest particular and back it goes for re-printing.

Mr. Gould informed us that not less than ten to fifteen thousand prints go through the plant daily during the

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"season." He also informed us that the plant was absolutely dependent upon a constant supply of filtered water and of power. A ten-minute shut-off of either would inevitably result in delaying delivery of hundreds of films.

We noticed other activities in progress. The enlarging rooms are always busy, catering to the needs of Winnipeg and the West—orders often coming as far as the Yukon, Churchill and other far northern points. Mr. Gould admitted with becoming modesty that the largest enlargement they had yet produced was only a matter of 3 feet 4 inches by 5 feet!

## Cetallok Sunyzjiuken

The two words above are presented herewith just to give our readers some idea of the problems which occasionally confront our worthy Mr. Nicholas Morrow (the interpreter). He was recently handed a letter which came to the Store from one of the waste places of the Province. Mr. Morrow didn't fare too badly with most of the epistle, but the two words in question had him out on a limb for some time, until it finally occurred to him that they might be the foreign-language *spelling* of *English* words. And working on this assumption he soon made out—(as you may yourselves, now)—that what the customer desired was a "Catalogue"—"Soon as you can"!

## Sweet Stuff

What a shame we couldn't have filled this Editorial berth twenty-five years ago! What a thrill it would have given us—happy, laughing, golden-haired cherub that we were—to have been accorded the privilege of a stroll through Eaton's Candy Factory *then*, instead of having to wait until just the other day, when prudent maturity had taken much of the edge off such a golden opportunity for large-scale guzzling.

However, if our appetite for glucose is not all it used to be, our taste for interesting information is still avid,

and the Eaton Candy Factory is just as full of one as the other, and in the matter of information our requirements were more than gratified.



THE EATON CANDY FACTORY

*Hand-dipping chocolates—not mud pies, as may appear! The girls work in a room which is constantly held at a temperature of 65 degrees.*

Twelve thousand pounds of confections a day, they can put through this factory—an ambitious order for even the most hypercritical sweet tooth.

We started with the boiling kettles—huge copper affairs set on gas furnaces that approximate the heat of a blow torch. Some of them hold no less than 125 gallons at a boiling—all of them were busy when we passed. One was a "vacuum cooker," with a big copper cup which fitted tightly over the kettle, after which the air was exhausted from the sphere thus formed. In this vacuum, the boiling point of the mixture is substantially lowered and cooking is that much quicker.

We passed on to a long table where several girls were running grooved rollers over slabs of marshmallow paste, criss-crossing and cutting them into squares that other girls rolled in toasted cocoanut—piling up marshmallows in a heap that made our eyes pop.

To the other side was the machine we have shown in the illustration—the coater. Almonds were going through when we were there—two girls on either side of an endless belt, sorting and separating the nuts until they passed into the growling machine that coated them with an even film of chocolate liquid. On the far side, four girls finished off any "bare spots," and

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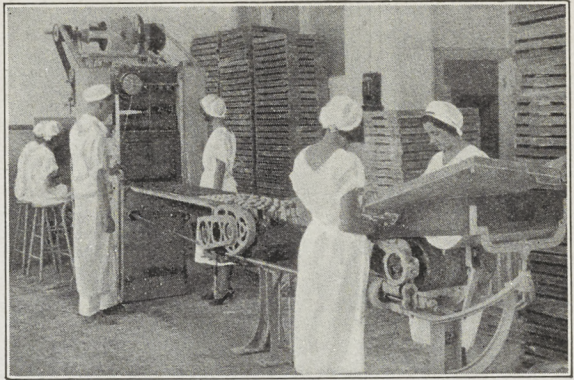
the nuts, still on a travelling belt, went through a long enclosed tunnel where cold air played constantly on them until the chocolate solidified and they emerged again into the open air, to be gathered up and deposited in waiting receptacles.

By this time we were in the chocolate dipping room and spent an interesting few minutes watching the young women hand-dipping chocolates. A wonderfully deft operation, this, and one requiring years of experience to perfect. But perhaps the most important feature of the process is that the chocolate must be at a certain set state of fluidity to be "workable," and in order to ensure this the temperature *and* humidity must be kept absolutely constant. An elaborate and expensive plant is maintained in the factory for no other purpose than to ensure that these unvarying atmospheric conditions be maintained.

We saw them making "suckers," too—starting with a huge plastic, still-warm mass of the candy—stripping it by laying along it strips of the same mixture but in a contrasting color—shaping and pulling one end out until it's a thin rope of candy, still retaining the striping in proportion—running it through a roller that stamps out the shapes and inserts the sticks all at one operation and shoots out thousands of the "finished product" far faster than the eye could follow.

And we saw them making cream centres for chocolates—and kisses—and sorting and packing boxed goods—and half a dozen operations, any one of which would be a story in itself—and will be, in some future issue when space limitations are not so rigid as with the present one!

A special presentation of the Spring Fashion Show will be offered for the benefit of employees only, on one evening of Fashion Opening Week.



THE CHOCOLATE COATER

*Showing the endless belt carrying candies into the machine, and beyond, two girls engaged in "touching up" as the chocolate-covered candies emerge.*

## Puzzler

Somebody up in the City Advertising Office ruined the best part of a day for us recently when they shoved in front of us, for solution, the quaint little problem below. We pass it on to our readers with the pious admonition not to start working on it in Store hours. Unfortunately, we are unable to offer any prize for the solution of the question, as several of the City Ad. staff already know the answer, and would unquestionably find some means of chiselling out something with their knowledge if money entered into the question. We assure our readers, however, that there *is* an answer which can be arrived at with only the information given, to work on.

And now for it:

In this problem, we are interested in six men riding on a train. Three of them are employees—an engineer, a fireman, and a brakeman. Their names are Smith, Jones and Robinson—not respectively, as the problem is to find the engineer's name. The three passengers are named: Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Robinson, as distinct from the employees.

Now:

1. Mr. Robinson lives in Winnipeg.
2. The brakeman lives half-way between Winnipeg and Calgary.
3. Mr. Jones earns exactly \$2,000 a year.

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4. Smith beat the fireman at billiards.

5. The brakeman's nearest neighbor, one of our three passengers, earns exactly three times as much as the brakeman.

6. The passenger living in Calgary has the same name as the brakeman.

WHAT IS THE ENGINEER'S NAME?

## Horses! Horses!

The following letter recently came to our desk:

To the Editor.

Sir:—If a referendum were held throughout the Eaton system, asking for a vote on the most important branch of the Eaton Service, very interesting results might be obtained. My unhesitating vote would be for the man who has to defeat the weatherman's every whim—the man who has to convey the Eaton spirit into thousands of homes the Store management or clerks never have an opportunity even to see—to the man who has to make a study of every individual with whom he comes in contact—who must know where he has to enter, by the rear, and look like depression—or lift the latch and walk in, to be greeted by a squad of little children, whom he must know by first names. He must make a study of important problems, and answer questions like these to dozens of people every day: How cold was it this morning? Where was the fire last night? Any fresh war news? etc., etc. And he must not forget to ask about little Johnnie, who has been missing for a few days on the sick list. And while all this is going on, he must be making change, and keeping an eye on his restless horse outside.

Who is he? He is the Delivery Man. The man who is making Eaton history every working day in the year. Hats off to the Newman Squad!

The letter speaks for itself, and there is little indeed which we could add to the admiration expressed therein, for what is unquestionably one of the

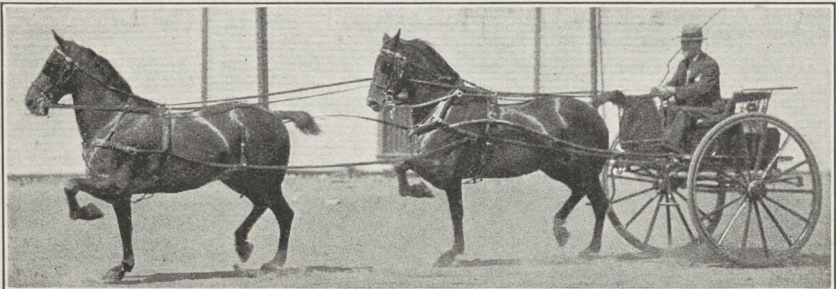
finest bodies of men in the organization.

Under the guidance and leadership of Mr. A. Newman, Eaton's drivers accomplish wonders every day in building goodwill for the Store in their daily contacts with the customers along their route. In our last issue, we had occasion to draw attention to a piece of tactful service rendered by one driver during the Christmas season. Possibly we did the drivers, as a body, an injustice by printing this incident, for certainly such careful attention to their jobs is the general rule, rather than the exception among this group of stalwarts.

Ask the members of your own household who meet them every day; ask your neighbors—as we have—and you will be surprised with what enthusiasm they will refer to the unfailing cheerfulness, anxiety to be of service, courtesy and integrity with which Eaton's drivers handle the job.

We paid a visit to the stables the other day, and saw and heard much to confirm our ideas of the splendid morale of this department. A more cheerful set of men, and a better cared for bunch of horses we have never seen. We heard, and could easily believe, that unkindness of any description to the horses is a major sin. We saw the imposing array of ribbons captured by Eaton turn-outs in various show-rings. We had pointed out to us a driver who started out on his route during the blizzards of a week or so ago, and didn't get back till 3.30 the following morning—but *his load was delivered*.

And we heartily subscribe to the sentiments of our correspondent: "Hats off to the Newman Squad!"



A Spanking Tandem of EATON Delivery Horses

## Concerning Type

Styles in type faces are much more varied than the range of colors which describe the present shades of hosiery or gloves—no one can tell when the last shade in hosiery has been seen, and no one who knows anything about the endless variety in type faces would claim to have seen them all, much less be able to identify them. The following paragraph may provoke a thought or two:

**The Variety of Type Faces available today for the taste of Printer and Customer is almost limitless—THIS PARAGRAPH GIVES ONLY A MERE SUGGESTION; THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF THEM.**

The Chinese are believed to be the first people to do printing, which they did from blocks. It was not until about the middle of the fifteenth century that individual types were made of metal in various parts of Europe.

Type designing and making is now a highly developed art and business, and with the exception of the larger display faces, hundreds of varieties of matrices are made for the Linotype, Monotype and other kinds of type-setting machines, so that aside from the big display lines shown on the front page, or in the larger advertisements, practically everything else in the daily newspaper is set by machine.

The different styles of type have an individual name, which is most likely that of an old master printer or type designer of bygone years or centuries, such as Jenson, Caxton, Coster, Caslon, etc., or of a modern designer such as De Vinne, Goudy, etc. Other names, such as Gothic, Century, Antique, and such suggestive words, are also found in type names.

The type in the reading matter of *Contacts* is called Garamond and is named after Claude Garamond, who lived in Paris about three hundred and fifty years ago, and was a prominent printer and type founder. It is considered to be a very beautiful letter.

Three sizes are used—eight, ten and twelve point. This article is in ten point. A point is the seventy-second part of an inch, and the points refer to the size of the body of the type, not the size of the printing face. This square (■) represents ten points each way. The headings in *Contacts* are set in Goudy, which is named after its designer, Frederick W. Goudy, who has been prominent in that profession for years. He resides in the United States. The occasional heading in italics is known as Garamond Bold Italic.

## POISE

Are we paying sufficient attention, each and every one of us, to cultivating that inestimably valuable characteristic—Poise?

Poise does not mean either stolidity or pose. It is a combination of self-confidence, self-control, alertness and courage.

It means not getting rattled when things go wrong. It means keeping one's head in an emergency. It is presence of mind plus a knowledge of how to handle other people.

Poise enables a man to control a bad situation. He does not become confused or frightened. It is a quality that can be acquired by any man who has a strong will. It means self-mastery, not selfishness or sham.

A man who can keep his head and his temper and his friendliness when things are going wrong has poise, and incidentally one of the greatest assets in the merchandising game.—R.P., 254.

## CITY AD.

Two raucous voices on two telephones,  
The tinniest clack of typewriters all day;  
And, ever and anon, from the small wicket,  
A patient, courteous call of, "You there, hey!"

Now sounds the buzzer's plaintive ululation,  
And answering footsteps make the welkin ring;  
Soprano screams, "Give me the B page layout!"  
Booms baritone, "Jim's got the . . . thing!"

Thus, amid cloistered quietude and silence,  
The days go past in peace and printer's ink;  
Next to an engine room or boiler factory,  
One could not choose a finer spot to think.

*Announcing a New*

## COMPETITION

Open to All Eaton Employees  
(Excepting Department 136)

and Offering

### Generous Cash Prizes

For the Best Letter of One Hundred to Three  
Hundred (100-300) Words on the Subject:

**"The Approach I would use—  
The Selling Points I would stress—  
The Price Range I would suggest—  
And the Advertising Methods I would recommend  
—in selling the Merchandise at my counter to a customer  
from the Provincial Universities Student Body."**

NOTE—Employees of departments whose merchandise is not regularly in demand by University Students, may compose their letter on any other line of merchandise in the Store. Employees in other than Sales Departments may write on any line of merchandise in this Store.

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#### PRIZES

##### **First Prize, \$25.00**

In cash, or merchandise to the value of \$25.00.

##### **Second Prize, \$15.00**

In cash, or merchandise to the value of \$15.00.

##### **Third Prize, \$10.00**

In cash, or merchandise to the value of \$10.00.

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#### RULES

- 1—Entries to be typewritten or written in ink on one side only of plain white sheets of paper.
- 2—Attach a *separate* sheet of paper to your entry, bearing your full name, the number of your department, and your number in the department. *Do not sign the entry itself.*
- 3—Entries must reach the Editor of *Contacts*, City Advertising Office, not later than 5.30 p.m. Monday, March 14th, 1932, the final closing date of the contest.
- 4—Employees of Department 136 (City Advertising) are debarred from the contest.

## PRIZE WINNERS!

### I. The Dressmaking Competition

*We are pleased to announce the winners as follows:*

CLASS A—First—Miss Phyllis Wood, Dept. 247, 27.....	\$20.00
Second—Miss B. Boyd, Dept. 177, 3.....	10.00
Third—Miss Ruth Bales, Dept. 2, 23.....	5.00
CLASS B—First—Miss Mary Park, Dept. 6, 16.....	\$10.00
Second—Miss Eva Lunney, Dept. 113, 19.....	5.00
Third—Miss Annie Kavanagh, Dept. 229D, 9.....	3.00
CLASS C—First—Miss Marjorie Wilson, Dept. 116, 21.....	\$20.00
Second—Miss B. Louis, Dept. 1247, 15.....	10.00
Third—Miss Cheston Bjerke, Dept. 13, 34.....	5.00

Whilst we did not get the big response expected, the quality of workmanship and ideas, etc., was excellent and made the task of judging an exceedingly difficult one. *Contacts* and Depts. 202 and 238 wish to congratulate the winners heartily. They also wish to express their sincere thanks for the willing service rendered by the three judges: Miss Myers, Dept. 231, Dressmaking Salon; Miss Collins, Dept. 1201, Factory; Miss Morris, Merchandise Dept.

### II. The Snapshot Competition



CLASS B—HUMAN INTEREST SHOTS—Above, left to right: First Prize, \$5.00—Miss Moore, No. 71, 206 Dept. Second Prize, \$3.00—Miss Sennett, No. 50, 268 Dept. Third Prize, \$2.00—Miss Salter, No. 120, 147 Dept.

CLASS A—WINTER SCENES—Second row above, left to right: First Prize, \$5.00—Miss Storm, No. 11, 36 Dept. Second Prize, \$3.00—Miss Sheppard, No. 83, 68 Dept. Third Prize, \$2.00—Miss Hilliard, No. 109, 147 Dept.

The judges were very much impressed with the clever silhouette by Mr. Harvey, 122 Dept., also the unique picture of the sparrows by Mr. Badoli, 227 W.R., and the exceptionally good interior by Mr. Whitfield, 160 Dept. As these pictures could not be judged with the other two classes, special awards of a framed enlargement will be made these entries.

*Prize Winners' Cheques will be forwarded Immediately*

## DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES

205—

One of the "Feature Events" of the department last month was the Tally Ho which took place on January 29th. The weather was ideal for the event, and the department turned out almost 100 per cent. The party, after enjoying almost two hours in the "cool" air, returned to the home of Jean Tod, where refreshments were served, after which dancing was enjoyed by all.

The only misfortune that took place during the evening was when Mr. Millar was the victim of a bump which caused him to retire in a quiet place for a considerable length of time. Those particularly interested in his recovery found it unnecessary to give up much of their time to looking after him, as he was found to be in very capable hands. Then, of course, there was the poor little girl—mentioning no names, of course—that missed the Tally Ho, but spent the greater part of the evening tramping trying to find the lost party.

According to reports the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all. And we are all looking forward to the next one, which we hope will be held before long.

Out-of-department guests included: W. Anderson, 254 Dept.; J. Nimmo, H. Lennington, 236 Dept.; J. Tucker, E. Frandsen, 226 Dept., and Mr. Wally.

\* \* \*

We have been questioned as to where the strong odor of Eucalyptus that caused so much distress around the Elastic Counter on the evening of February 8th originated from. Well we won't tell all our secrets, but we will tell you that Jane has her "Blues" again.

\* \* \*

The gloom that had been cast over the department since the latter part of November, when Mr. Williams left the department to take charge of the Christmas Bazaar, and after Christmas the Clearance Section, has been removed—and we are hoping permanently—by his return to the department.

\* \* \*

All department managers have "hobbies," we suppose, but we can't help but wonder why one of our managers chose as his particular hobby selling buttons.

\* \* \*

Mr. Millar and the girls of the Elastic Circle wish to thank Mr. Scrivener for the prompt and generous manner in which he adjusted his recent obligation to them.

207—

A young man, who was buying a Valentine present, stepped up to the Hosiery Counter in a department store and asked to see "the thinnest thing you have in silk stockings."

Clerk: "Sorry, sir, but she has just gone out to lunch."

## COMPANIONS-IN-ARMS

We've got a head lady, believe it or not,  
Her name just happens to be Jean Scott;  
The assistant is Ada, with such a nice way,  
She keeps us all working from day to day.  
And then there's Marie our one lonely blonde,  
She's the hope of the circle and others beyond;  
We've a wonderful singer, Martha by name,  
That she's not on the stage is really a shame.  
Another is Webby, a book worm is she,  
And goodness knows *what* Marge will turn out to be.

Mary and Muriel both have a smile,  
And Patty and Philly scrap once in awhile.  
Beulah belongs to our circle as well,  
Dot's our cashier, her worth we can't tell;  
Down at the back there stand Jessie and Jean,  
The two who look after the business so keen.  
There's Hilda, the maid who looks after repairs,  
She spends all the day over hosiery tears;  
Margaret's quite good at the mending job too,  
But both on repairs would just never do.  
We think that sweet Alice great fame will achieve,

But our thoughts about Anne we must keep up our sleeve;

Jay is a darling, and that's all of our girls,  
Except Gwen and the child with two little curls.

Then all that's left are our managers four,  
Of Silk Hosiery Section—The T. Eaton Store!

\* \* \*

We understand that Rita, while celebrating her birthday out at Stonewall over the weekend, was delayed so as to be too late to get to work Monday morning. Rita says that she was stuck in a snow bank—as good an excuse as any—but we must say that she is the first person known to pluck a full blown rose out of a Manitoba snow bank in February. Congrats on your birthday anyway, Rita—and maybe on other matters as well, eh?

\* \* \*

## WHY?

'Twas the night before Christmas, and just at the close,

In came a late customer asking for hose.

"My Aunt Jennie's shoe is a dainty size two,

And her dress I am sure is Wistaria Blue."

The salesgirl replied with her usual tact,

To the lady: "This tone, as a matter of fact,"

Displaying the charm of illusions pale shade,

"Is a practical one," and the sale was thus made.

*But don't be surprised when exchanges are high,  
For here is the gist of the wherefore and why!*

'Twas the month after Christmas, stocktaking in view,

Aunt Jennie came in, and what did she do,

But go to the counter, the gift to exchange.

"I'm sorry to bother—it does seem so strange,  
My niece should have known—they're too long,  
they're too wide!"

But "that's quite all right," the prompt salesgirl replied,

*"The customer has to be satisfied!"*

208—

Mr. Hind has returned from a two-weeks' buying trip.

\* \* \*

A gentleman from Jacksonville, Florida, sent us an enquiry to see if we sold Fur-lined Ear Muffs. We wondered if he was going to take a trip to the South Pole!

\* \* \*

We wonder if you notice the always smartly trimmed Scarf Section, for which Miss Shibley is responsible. There is a feeling in the air that some time this year her name may be changed.

\* \* \*

We deeply regret to announce the loss of Miss Bessie Ferguson, of our Neckwear Section, who passed away on the 31st of January, after a lengthy illness.

\* \* \*

208 had a monster snowshoe tramp planned, until we found out we'd have to borrow nineteen pairs of snowshoes!

\* \* \*

Of course we can't blame Mr. Hancock, 202 Department, and Mr. Burns, 211 Department, for getting their best special on the aisle near 208 Department, to get our overflow of customers!

\* \* \*

A gentleman and his bride-to-be wanted to buy a "veil," and put us in queer predicament when his bride-to-be left the counter and he couldn't remember her last name or address for delivery of the veil.

223—

Lady Martin Harvey called at the Bird Section on her recent visit to the city. Shaking hands warmly with Miss McKenzie and calling her by name, she said: "I want you to pick me out a nice bird for my return visit in April." This has been her custom on *all* her recent visits.

\* \* \*

Miss McKenzie also received a bouquet from a country customer for the lovely bird she selected and sent to her. Oh, yes, Mac knows her birds.

\* \* \*

We are still a little mystified as to why N.S., when going to serve a Chinaman and failing to understand him, called Cecilie, the *French* speaking clerk of the department, to interpret—but no more so than Cecilie herself, we imagine.

226—

The illuminating (?) effusion in the last issue of *Contacts* regarding 226 Department and some of the personnel is somewhat amusing. Your correspondent resembles the political opponent of whom the great Gladstone remarked: "He is intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity."

Might I suggest to this illustrious correspondent that a diminution of oratorical redundancy would be conducive to magnified clarity of comprehension?

I apologize to the proletariat for the manner in which I express myself, but one of the first rules of salesmanship is to meet one's public on their own plane, and I am sure that, were I to address myself to the august personage who condescended to express himself for publication, in the language of the common people, my remarks would pass "clear over his head."

My sincere hope is, that he will avail himself of the signal opportunity which presents itself of sitting at the feet of the oracle, and assimilating at least the primary lessons on the respective subjects, "Educating the Customer" and "Salesmanship," with, I hope, considerable profit to himself; also that he will endeavor to emulate, to some extent at least, the lecturer on the latter subject, in order that his voice may be so developed as to be audible behind a street car ticket, and that he may be able so to assemble his ideas that they may find expression in fluent and orderly sequence.

227—*Observations*—

—To a floor walker by a customer of long standing: "Now, there's the kind of service that makes me come again, when a salesperson unasked, takes my parcel—a rather large one—and secures a better tying, so that I may the more easily carry it—thank you!"

\* \* \*

The obvious influence of such spoken appreciation is to bring out the best we have.

\* \* \*

—By a visitor to an attendant on "Courtesy Evening": "How very trim your department looks in every section, and with a plainly marked price ticket on all goods in open display, leaving nothing to be desired, and makes shopping such a pleasure!"

*Reflections*—

Well—our mirrors, in British plate, give the best illustration of real, honest-to-goodness reflection, and their placing affords you easy opportunity to pause a moment and take a look for visualized evidence of the fact.

\* \* \*

Speaking of reflection reminds us—while sitting before a barber's mirror, posed for a haircut, Bill Murray asked "Shall I remove my collar?" Said the barber: "No, oh no, and you may keep your hat on if you like!"

\* \* \*

We are all very glad to welcome back again our good friend, "Andy" Hendry. We hasten to congratulate him on his even more-than-usual fine personal appearance—and may we offer the prediction that as a "Go-Getter" he will be sure to qualify, and then some.

228—

"Here we are again!" as Jack-in-the-box says.

We want all the world to know we have a "specialist" in our midst, one who is now qualified to advise, instruct, and whom we are sure will inspire. Mr. Samuel Best has received a diploma from the B.T.C. and is now a salesman. Congratulations, Sam.

Our fair Kay had a snowshoe party a few nights ago. The chief entertainment being eating. Didn't you think so, Billie?

H. W. also had a party a short while ago, when, we presume, eating was also the chief attraction.

Harold Stewart has a leaning toward exterior decorating. Oh, yes, it's quite true we assure you. However his high hopes were dashed the other day by a charming customer who was powdering her nose. Harold, having asked: "Could he be of any assistance?"

Our young efficiency expert, C.C., is having a great time these days being expertly efficient.

## 229—

For Courtesy Night, January 29th, The Spanish Coffee Court was in gala array. Many compliments have been received on how beautiful and attractive the room was—on the excellent service—and the delicious new method Silex coffee. The feature attraction for the evening being members of the English Light Opera Co., who were guests of the city for several days, and whose singing was certainly a pleasure.

\* \* \*

What could be better for healthy youngsters who are indoors all day than a toboggan party thought the girls of 229S, and forthwith arranged a most successful one on February 2nd. A very enjoyable hour was spent afterward at the home of Miss H. McConachy, where a delicious weiner lunch was served. A week later, with a number of friends, they enjoyed a snowshoe tramp to Dimmeman's Dairy, where a delicious lunch of sandwiches, most excellent waffles and coffee was enjoyed.

## 234—

We contend that these parlors should be included as a major branch in the Ladies' Welfare Bureau—for proof we ask you to note the "before and after" appearances of our clientele! Indeed, ours is the one department which a customer may visit and appear any the better for it, so far as we can see! The Empress Eugenie's private boudoir is far outclassed by this "Salon" of Higher Redecoration. One lady who has been two years in the department is said to be looking at least ten years younger than when she started, at which rate of rejuvenation she will probably be transferred to the children's section by about 1933.

\* \* \*

Double the watch, girls; the prevailing calmness in the department is merely a rest period. It allows Miss Sanders, who is still a little "short of wind," to recuperate from her heroic and exhausting efforts to make herself heard over the fire whistle. So step on it girls—we fear she will be back to normal soon.

\* \* \*

The department is greatly concerned over the departure of Miss G. Crouch, who has gone to visit her friend in Vancouver, presumably for three weeks. So here's hoping she enjoys *bon voyage* and returns to us still Miss Grace Crouch.

## 252—

It might be well to mention that 252 Dept. is well represented in the Olympic Games. During the playing of overtime on Saturday afternoon, Miss G. Anderson and Miss B. Monson were extremely nervous and almost had to be carried out.

Our greetings to Miss V. Tuttle, who has been ill for the past three months and is now spending a few weeks in Edmonton. We are glad to hear she is improving, and sincerely hope she will soon be back with us again.

## 254—254 Size-sticks vs. 220 Shoehorns.

What! You have never heard of the Big Boot and Shoe Hockey League? Well, here's a little dope on it. Started two weeks ago, the teams—the 254 Size-sticks and 220 Shoehorns—Polo Park the scene of their exertions, the league is now well under way, striving mightily for the solid tin Shoehorn Trophy.

The opening game. The huge Polo Park arena, packed with 50,000 comfortable chairs, raised its voice in one tumultuous raspberry as the gladiators entered. The track was hard and fast, the players weak in the ankles, and the referee a pain in the neck.

The bell, centre ice—tense silence—a clash of hockey sticks—the battle was on. From this first melee emerged "Big Bill" Thompson, flat on his back and for the rest of the game—254 had tucked away the wily manager of the 220 outfit.

Suddenly a dazzling flash of speed and stupendous stick handling as Benson, the old "Falcon flash," surged through the 220 defence to score the opening tally on "Haggis" McGregor. Sproat scored—Peers scored—220 was dazed.

The second period was opened by "Flash" Chapman teaming down the ice, backed by "Woodchopper" Johnson, to score a tally of five on the bewildered "Centipede" Thrush. "Silent" Mathias stopped 'em with one foot and his club. The Benson and Sproat combination taking the rubber up to poke four of 'em in.

The third period was fast and furious. Benson to Peers, then Peers to two goals unassisted. "Slim" Leaney and "Tiny" Sims, for 220, turning in a sterling rugby game.

Game called on account of daylight! Let's eat!

\* \* \*

In the second game 220 showed fine form and got down to business at once. It was "Flash" Chapman, pivot performer with 220, who did it first, early in the second period, followed up by a couple of fast ones by Johnson and Thompson respectively in the third. The 254 defence was weak—though Bewister, veteran 254 goalie, turned in a stellar performance. The Benson-Sproat combination accounted for 6 of the 8 254 goals. Peers, on an assist from Mathias, turning in one more. Anderson, on hands and knees, accounting for the final tally. Big Moore, as centre ice for 254, and "Slim" Leaney, lanky wing for 220, both turned in a good rugby exhibition.

Take a tip from us and watch for further developments in this Big League. They're a fast, rough crew and out for anybody's scalp.

259—

A former cashier of Dept. 259, who is convalescent from a lengthy illness, received a Valentine card from every member of her old Dept., and that she sat up all night looking them over. We hope she continues to progress favorably, seeing how many hearts she is holding in suspense. Here's to your next game of golf, Ethel!

We hear that E. McF. and A.C. are very ambitious these Sunday mornings—evidently training for the next Olympic ski trials.

Mr. Teal and Mr. Rachel McDonald are wondering why they didn't get a Valentine from Messrs. Stewart, Beckett and Co.

## MAIL ORDERS

2, 11—

Do you know that Dept. 11 has four men whose combined years of continuous service totals 96 years? The names of the big four are: Jim Ekerton (23 years), "the man who thinks twice before speaking once;" Thomas Johnson (26 years), "the two checks a minute man;" Adam Beck (22 years), "our politician, who hits hard and shoots straight;" Jim Reid (25 years), alias, "here, there and everywhere."

Will be pleased to see in a future issue any merchandise department that can beat this record.—J.A.R.

\* \* \*

We extend our deepest sympathy to Bill "Red" Bolton, and his sister Francis of Dept. 247, whose mother passed away very suddenly on Friday, February 5th.

\* \* \*

Wedding bells will be ringing on Saturday, February 27th, as Miss Margaret Corrie, of Dept. 11, and M. Stuart Stein, of Dept. 132, have decided to go in double harness. May the future hold lots of happiness for the loving couple.

19—

One of our girls, Miss Ellen Deason, made an excellent showing in the recent snowshoe races, placing third in both the 100 and 220-yard Manitoba championships. Good work, Ellen. Just make them firsts next year.

\* \* \*

Miss Dorothy Johnson went home recently with a slight attack of chicken pox, and after the required three weeks in quarantine returned to work with a diamond. I wonder if it is contagious? The germs might be sold at a premium. Did you ever think of that, Dorothy?

\* \* \*

Out of a brain storm was born a bright idea, at least we think so. We have organized "19 Dept. Service Club," with a membership of twenty girls, who will make infants' clothing for distribution among the poor. Any suggestions or donations will be gladly received and passed on. Of course, as well as doing our "good deed," don't you think it is good practise, girls?—I.L.C.

Twelve

22—

Stand by, friends, for the broadcast of the famous '22 Auto Classic, coming to you as a special presentation of Station S.G.D., over the E.A.B. network.

Hello, everybody! Boy, oh boy, is it a perfect day for the race? Clear and cool, and look at all the people, the grandstands are filled to capacity. Everyone sure seems excited. All eyes are on the sheds, waiting for the cars to appear. No, excuse me, not all eyes. I can see G. Johnson in the throng, looking longingly toward the Hot Dog stand, and Miss Kac Coulson, here beside me, is looking bewilderedly at her companion and asking what's going to happen.

Just a moment, folks, while I read the list of entrées—it looks pretty good to me:

- 1—Hibernating Het, entered by Mr. W. Wilson.
- 2—Morning Glory, entered by Mr. F. McKenzie.
- 3—Salvage, entered by Mr. R. Hutton.
- 4—Rhapsody, entered by Mr. J. Carson.
- 5—Spirit of Old Kildonan, entered by Mr. R. Gill.
- 6—Crusader, entered by Mr. T. Hembroff.
- 7—Irish Cobbler, entered by Mr. S. McCallum.
- 8—Arab, entered by Mr. J. Farmer.

The marshal, ladies and gentlemen, is to be H. Oliver; the starter, J. Davison, and the timer, H. Debenham.

Car No. 2 slides out of its shed, carrying Mr. McKenzie and six passengers; cars No. 3, 4, 5 and 6 purr into their respective positions. We are still waiting on Nos. 1 and 7. I wonder what's keeping them.

Maybe I'm wrong. Here comes No. 7—Mr. J. Farmer on a bicycle—and with a trailer. Well, if it isn't Phyllis on skis. We knew she'd turn up. This is going to be some race. No. 1 has not yet arrived on the track.

Every driver in the line has his eyes glued on the starter. Before them the speedway, two miles in length, yawns wide and inviting. Davison's hat is off. The cars leap into action. Carson's Rhapsody leaped into "Salvage," driven by Hutton, and the two cars have lost before the race is really under way. Morning Glory takes the lead, with Old Kildonan a close second. Irish Cobbler and Crusader are bonnet to bonnet a few lengths behind—with Arab and Trailer bringing up the rear.

Irish Cobbler, who has been taking it pretty high, shoots over the top of the embankment. Morning Glory takes the lead in the flat stretch, with Old Kildonan still hanging on. Crusader is out of the running.

I think the cup will go to Old Kildonan. They are on the home stretch now, and Morning Glory does not seem to be gaining on the leader. Wait a minute, just as I thought! A flat tire, and Old Kildonan heaves over on its side with a sigh.

Yes, sir, here comes Morning Glory steaming over the finish line—a winner. Crusader is two hundred yards behind, and Arab and trailer are rounding the first curve. Hibernating Het did not enter.—E.A.B.

# CONTACTS



48—

## OUR PRIVATE DRUM CORPS

The above band was organized in 48 Dept. two years ago and now numbers 23 members, composed chiefly of Mail Order boys, the balance being recruited from the Store. The personnel is as follows: R. Forrest, T. Carsins, J. Gair, J. Gargett, E. Fullerton, A. Fahrner, R. Forge, T. Glendenning, A. Jones, J. Greenwood, W. Lord, T. King, A. Mair, H. Swonnell, J. Hunter, D. Forrest and W. Purkes.

To the thousands of spectators watching the Santa Claus' parade every year, the band looks particularly smart in their costumes of black and white with scarlet capes, marching in the perfect formation which they acquire from their military training. When the boys are not in festive costume playing in the Store's big parade, they will be found on other public appearances marching at the head of the 2nd Canadian Motor Machine Gun Corps. The officers of this regiment speak very highly of this "EATON" band and claim that it has been an important factor in bringing the regiment up to the high state of efficiency it now enjoys.

Brigadier General Anderson complimented the band on their fine playing and appearance at the annual inspection of the regiment held recently. The instructor of the band is W. A. H. Lord, 48 Dept.

Recently an orchestra has also been organized in the band and now comprises 11 members. Mr. Wallis of the Mail Order Music Dept. is keenly interested in the advancement of the band, six members being from his department. The band paid visits to Portage la Prairie and Stony Mountain last Summer, and also carried off almost 100 per cent of the prizes at the annual camp of the regiment at St. Charles.

The band is willing to take part in any activities of the Store, and we would suggest that if any departmental sporting organization is making trips into the country this summer you call on the band to go along with you. Spirited marching songs will go a long way towards bringing victory to your team.

52—

This is a tale about a toboggan party. And what a party! The scene of the "Hilarious Happenings" was River Park slide. The actors, the staff of 10, 18, 32, 52 and friends. Talk about punctuality, I don't think there was a

watch in the bunch. They arrived anywhere from 8 o'clock to 8.45, with an innocent air of, "Oh, am I late." Then the fun began.

Here are the ingredients for a riotous evening: Fifty young people and five toboggans. The result was terrific! What with howls from the end member complaining of his natural upholstery being burnt by the friction of the ice, shrieks from the girls of, "Oh, I'm sitting on a slat," or "Take your foot out of my ear." The whole squad was reduced to helpless laughter.

Now begins the real fun. Back to the Eaton Club Rooms where waited a hot supper of beans and cake with pink icing prepared under the argus-eyed supervision of Mr. Sandbrooke, and did those beans go down. It was like dropping golf balls in the Grand Canyon. As a fitting climax to the evening we all punished the Terpsichorean Art, and did we manhandle it. This was done to the tuneful tunes of Bill Lord's Boilermakers. Stop! The department sleuth informs us that, while sliding, Charlie Bywater wore out six seats of his new eight-pants suit.

## EXPENSE-IVE STUFF

100—

In the recent listing of Office Furniture and Accessories, requested by the Superintendent's Office for insurance purposes, we understand the clock in the Expense Office was not included on the list. Apparently they figure that the entire office staff watches the clock so why the precaution of insurance.

105, 106A—

The recent bowling tournament brought to the front an exhibition of skill that is well worth mention. Miss Elsie Bell spilled the large maples for a two-game total of 322 (190 and 132). This feat inspired one of the notables of 106A to poetry.

If you bowlers would really excel,  
Get some lessons from Miss Elsie Bell,  
For without much ado,  
She bowled 322,  
While opponents just muttered, "Well, well!"

Imagine E.C.'s embarrassment when she discovered the person she was playfully pinching was the boss—Ho-Hum.

After a hilarious evening of tramping around the frigid regions of River Park, six radiant damsels invaded the abode of Audry Bartlett. Here they demolished an immense quantity of beans and coffee. Beautiful piano solos were rendered by Eileen and Vera, Audrey was about to sing but the girls just simply had to leave.

116, 161—

Things seem to have been very quiet on our "Western Front" this last month, everyone has been behaving himself, or herself, as the case may be, to such an extent that one feels at a loss for interesting titbits.

# CONTACTS

We are all relieved to hear that Mr. Fenwick is feeling much better now, and certainly hope he will be amongst us again soon.

Since our last issue, Miss Loftus has departed on an extended trip to Bermuda. Needless to say, surely, that she leaves behind her many envious souls. She has, however, our most sincere wishes for a "Bon Voyage."

The most discussed subject at present seems to be the number of volunteers we will have from here if our Motherland does decide to enter this "Battle Royal" in Europe. Many are not particularly interested, while others feel a yen for travelling at no expense to themselves!

"And the snow is still in Queen Victoria's lap."  
—Beatrice Boyd.

## SWAN SONG OF A SLICER

I'll be eighteen on Sunday,  
And I work in one sixteen,  
I'm what they call a slicer,  
The worst one ever seen.  
Least ways that's what they told me  
On Monday afternoon,  
When things seemed going backwards  
And trouble seemed to loom.  
The marker's pencil strokes I scan,  
Transcribe with brush and skill,  
To tell the boys who work downstairs,  
Who pays the postage bills.  
I take our bread and butter  
And slice it into strips,  
Glue it down face upwards  
And make sure that it sticks.  
It had to do with colors,  
Blue or white or pink,  
I got them badly muddled,  
They'd drive a girl to drink.  
'Tis said I have a stand in,  
I was hired in twenty eight,  
I'll grant that I was lucky  
Or I'd have got the gate.  
But I'll be eighteen on Sunday,  
To my glue brush fond good bye,  
My guillotine I leave behind  
Some other soul to try.  
On Monday wedding bells will ring,  
And though afar I'll sail,  
I'll buy where ere I happen  
And never shop by mail.

## 129, 130—

On account of the cold weather, baseball practice has been cancelled in the Despatch and hockey is now taking its place.

Manager Moore is proud of his hockey team, which has yet to lose its first, and is looking for games with other departments.

The team consists of Nosey Blockley in goal; Fat Young and Red Sculthorpe, defence; Speed Butterill, Hooley Smith, Flash Evans, King Clancy Ingram, and Red and Bob Johanneson, brothers, who hail from the warmer spots of Iceland.

A lot of credit is coming to Manager Moore. Every year Mr. Moore has a baseball team in the league. He says he is just about due for a winning team, but Manager Young says he will never get the cup as long as the Cubs stay in practice each day around one o'clock.

These boys are made up of one word and that is "Speed." Come down and look them over and see the boys that can handle 56,000 parcels a day when they have to. —W.P.

## 159, 167, 173—

Dan Cupid is still at work in 159. We notice Miss Doris Shaw is wearing something bright and shiny on "that" finger, and may hear wedding bells in the near future.

The 167 bridge club met at the home of Miss Rae Tevendale on Thursday, February 11th. First prize being won by Miss Tevendale, consolation by Miss F. Irwin, and when it comes to digging a taxi out of a snowdrift it sure takes Isabel.

The junior staff of 167 Dept. enjoyed a toboggan party on Friday, February 12th.

We are glad to welcome Miss G. Markusson back to 167 Dept. after a few months absence.  
—E. Whyte.

## 179—

Hello, everybody. Don't forget about us, even though we are away up here in a corner of the Eighth Floor, where in the Winter we freeze and in the Summer we roast; and that isn't all—we have a "Talkie" in our office which has run on and on for a number of years now, untiring. Her name is Julia.

We have a few real good bowlers: Bob Clark, Merle McIvor and Vyllo Adams are star five-pin bowlers. Along with Alan McIvor, 233 Department, and Lily Blondel, General Office, they make up the famous team known as the "Wampas." For those who do not understand this strange name, would say that "Wampas" are huge, ugly ogres found North of 53. Evidently they are dangerous creatures, and our bowling team—well! Dan Tomes and Bert Littler are well-known ball players and hockey players, and are in line for the next Olympic games. Norma Stanley is a champion swimmer and paddler, having a number of laurels to her favor.  
—M.C.

## Basement Brevities—

We heard that Bob had a notion to come to business in his Tux one morning. Wifie caught him only just in time!

The boys of the Men's Furnishings Section are frequently reminded to "save the buttons." Robert L. must have quite a unique collection by now. Yes! Yes!

A young man in the Overall Section recently changed a couple of doves into a brace of turkeys. The Meat Section ought to get in touch with this "Gay Gordon." There are plenty of the feline species around.

'Ere this was printed, Mary Trainer had already started on her trip down Honeymoon Lane. We wish her the best of luck.

That Louis changed his mind. Why did you do it, Louis? We had something nice to say about you. However, good things are worthwhile waiting for.

A "ray of sunshine" has arrived at the home of Bill S. Congratulations, Bill!

## SWITCHBOARD

*Being a short account of some of the things that happen after you dial 3-2-5*

You go up to the Ninth Floor and find a door marked, "Telephone Office," and introduce yourself to Mr. W. J. Boorman and tell him you're from Contacts, and just a young fellow trying to get along, and want to see anything that Mr. Boorman can show you. And Mr. Boorman, who is the soul of geniality, steers you along the corridor and pushes you through a little door, and the investigation is on.

First of all you think that maybe he's given you the wrong gate and you've got into the T. Eaton dovecote or pigeon roost, or something, for all about you is the soft twittering and chirping of scores of gentle voices. And then you look about you and see that all this dulcet murmur is coming from the long double row of extremely decorative young women who are seated before you.

These are the order boards—a long table, and atop thereof a series of plate-glass partitions that make a row of "cubbyholes" opening to each side. In front of each of these cubbyholes sits one of the decorative young women referred to. This young woman knows her groceries—or her drugs—or meats—according to which department she is speaking for. A headphone is clipped to her ear and a mouthpiece hangs round her neck, leaving her hands free. Before her, on the table-top, is a small panel of lights. One of them flicks on. She takes the call, fills the order. Her voice is clear, but low in pitch—precise, clipped, but unhurried and well modulated. On either side of her, other young women are carrying on their

conversations with unseen customers, in precisely the same tone. The voices ripple on and on unceasingly. The thought occurred to us that it would be a wonderful sound to fall asleep to. But as that will be neither complimentary to the company nor practicable, we do not make the experiment.

Then Mr. Boorman conducts us into the room containing the main switchboards. Here again the steady murmur is apparent, but this is a little different. Here each girl faces her panels, three panels of sockets, each socket representing either a Store phone or an incoming "trunk line," and each with a tiny light beneath it. On a shelf before her is a slotted rack holding the plug-ends of seventeen pairs of connection cords. Opposite each pair of cords is a pair of signal lights and a calling key. Now, let's watch one of these girls at work.

A light beneath an incoming trunk-line socket blinks on. A customer is calling. The operator takes up one pair of the plugged cords in front of her. She inserts one plug (the "answering" cord) in the socket above the signal light.

"Eaton's!"—the customer is connected. Let us say she asks for the Drug Office. Our operator has been



*A Section of the Grocery Order Board*

# CONTACTS



THE MAIN SWITCHBOARD

*Only fifteen of the operators are shown here. The picture, however, gives some idea of the complicated task that is before each one of these capable young women.*

holding the other cord (the "calling cord") of the pair ready, and immediately plugs it into the socket representing a Drug Office phone. The light opposite the cords flashes on. She calls the phone with the ringing key. As soon as they answer, the light blinks out. The call is through—but it's put through in about one-sixtieth of the time it takes to describe it here.

When the call is completed, customer and Store phone hang up and both lights opposite the cords wink on again, signalling a "disconnect." The operator pulls out both cords from their sockets—the lights blink out—both lines are free for another call.

Reasonably simple it sounds here. But bear in mind that there are literally hundreds of those little sockets in front of the operator—and 17 pairs of cords—and 17 pairs of lights—and 17 keys—and other lights for incoming calls. And that in a busy hour calls come into the Store in one unceasing succession.

The morning we were up there, most of the panels looked like a plate of spaghetti to our uneducated eyes—just an impenetrable tangle of cords. Lights were blinking on and off incessantly—the operator's hands moved up, down, across, up, down, up, across—swiftly, surely, unhesitatingly. We had the whole operation explained to us with infinitely more clarity than you have, and then stood behind one of the operators to try and follow her movements. We didn't. We couldn't. We got lost in a fog of flying fingers and were mentally out on a limb hollering for help, while the lady whose neck we were breathing on went placidly on—even seemed a little bored by it all!

We're a changed man after that visit. And next time we hear anybody yelping about "dumb operators" and "foul service" (as we have occasionally), we're going to feel strongly inclined to ease him up to the Ninth and let him look on awhile! —M.S.

## "I SERVE"

Saks—Fifth Avenue, of New York, have recently concluded a contest which offered a prize to the employee who submitted the best definition of the words "I serve." We reproduce herewith the prize-winning letter, feeling that it holds much food for thought for everyone of us.

"We must remember that just as a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, so the prestige of our whole organization will suffer by the weakness or inefficiency of any individual belonging to it. Individually, we represent the firm as a whole, and we cannot shirk the responsibility which that implies.

"It is obvious that those who favor us with their patronage come here confident in the ability of Saks—Fifth Avenue, to serve them efficiently and courteously. Should we fail in this we are not only guilty of destroying their faith in us and betraying their confidence, but we are also disloyal to ourselves and to Saks—Fifth Avenue, of which we are a part.

"Only those of us can truly say 'I serve' who, no matter how busy the season or how hard the day or 'difficult' the customer, have the grit to carry on by showing unflinching courtesy and unflagging interest to the last.

"Only by so doing are we faithful to those high ideals and principles on which successful business is founded and to which Saks—Fifth Avenue, is dedicated."

Just substitute "Eaton's" wherever you read "Saks—Fifth Avenue" above, and paste it in your hat!

# The Romance of the Chair

By C.L., 228

The evolution of the chair is one of the most fascinating romances connected with antique furniture. It is obvious that tired humanity quickly learned the need of resting weary limbs, and although the couch provided by Mother Nature was the first upon which humans reclined, it was not long before primitive man learned of the comfort of varying his position of rest.

For seats of shapely form used in early days we turn to the museum, where sculptured on tables of stone, and painted on sarcophagi of the dead, we find carved wooden chairs having legs like those of a lion. The most interesting of these is a chair which once belonged to Queen Hatshepsut of the 18th Dynasty. It was carved with the royal cartouche and had legs shaped like those of a bull, with a gilded cobra entwined about each leg.

Greek artisans from the earliest recorded accounts were clever makers of chairs, one type of which was the *Thronos*, a seat of honor occupied by gods and wealthy citizens alike. The chief chair besides the *Thronos* was the *Diphros*, a cross-legged stool with a web seat, which later had a back and footrest added. This seat, centuries later, became a model for the sofa. Another Greek chair, named *Klismos*, had a comfortable sloping back with a bar forming a rest for the shoulders. This chair was not far behind the modern one for grace and comfort.

In Rome, replicas of Greek chairs were made by Greek workmen whom the Romans employed. Little is known of the evolution of the chair for the next thousand years. Roman civilization spread, and wherever the Roman

legions went cities and towns were built after the model of Rome; the artisans patterned their chairs and tables on those used by their ancestors in the Imperial City.

In the four hundred odd years which elapsed between the Norman Conquest and the close of the fifteenth century, very few chairs survived to the present day. There is one, however, which can never be left out of the story of British furniture making, for it is closely allied to the great changes in the royal houses and is a part of the crowning ceremony of our Kings. The worn, shabby old chair is now in Westminster Abbey, in a place of honor near St. Edward's tomb. This chair was made for Edward I in the thirteenth century; it has a gabled back panelled with tracery, and rests on a stand flanked by gilded lions; under the seat is the coronation stone which, according to legend, is itself a seat, a relic of far-off times when Kings of Ireland were crowned seated upon it. Fable tells how the stone was carried to Scotland by Fergus, son of Eric. History tells us it was the seat of the Scottish Kings and was removed from Scone by Edward I.

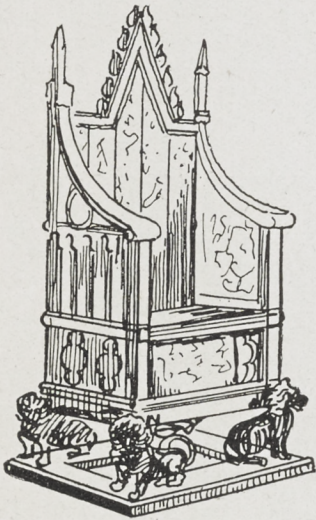
In the middle ages chairs were few. They were still the seats of honor, but coffers, benches and stools were used by others. At that time there was, however, a gradual inclination to add to the chairs of state, and less decorative and smaller seats modelled on the form of the larger ones were provided for guests and those who held high positions in the household of the baron.

Women used cushions and sat on the floor during the sixteenth century. To the city of Pisa belongs the credit of having founded a new style in 1587, when light chairs with rush seats, suitable for women, were made.

The seventeenth century was marked by the commencement of colonization. Those who landed in Virginia and formed settlements took only the bare necessities of life. They did not take

furniture. In the first New England homes the most favored seat was the settle. This was made with wings to prevent draughts, and there were lockers underneath; some had shelves at the back for candles.

Charles I gave much encouragement to some of the fine arts, and during his reign richly upholstered chairs became very popular. It was about the time of the Commonwealth that spiral turning was introduced from Holland. Leather was used chiefly for upholstering, usually tooled and embossed.



*The Coronation Chair*

The greatest change in chair making came after the Restoration; Italian and Spanish influence was noticeable in the artistic mode of that time. Walnut was used for the lighter and more finely carved furniture; oak was still chiefly used for the more massive pieces. Although walnut trees were planted in England during the reign of Elizabeth, it was not until the middle of the seventeenth century they were ready for the woodsman's axe.

The refurnishing of Hampton Court Palace by William and Mary in the Dutch style introduced the marqueterias, which rendered chairs and other furniture so ornamental at the close of the seventeenth century. Another important development of this time was the introduction of the Cabriole leg, which has been likened to a leg with a

bended knee, a shaped curve terminating in a narrow ankle and foot.

For close upon a century the family of Chippendale exercised an influence on the furniture trade of England in a marked degree; consequently this design marks the further evolution of the chair. The commoner form of chair leg was square, but in more advanced styles, Cabriole legs, terminating with ball and claw feet, were striking characteristics. The decoration and carving differed—the Cabriole being sometimes ornamented with carved husks, on others the ram's head or mask on the knee was conspicuous. The feet varied, too, as the hoof was often superseded by the lion's claw or the eagle's talon.

Upholstered chairs in the middle of the eighteenth century were of several kinds. Some had the seat covers tightly drawn and secured by nails, others had loose seats which dropped into the frame. The corner or roundabout chair was then a novelty, and the upholstered chair of the grandfather type gave the carver opportunity to ornament both frame and leg.

Hepplewhite about that time introduced the shield-back chair. Sometimes the shield was inverted, at other times it became a demi shield. Many Hepplewhite chairs bore the Prince of Wales' feathers entwined with carving in light relief. Chair legs became slight, and were finely fluted or turned.

During the early part of the nineteenth century chairs were on the same lines as at the close of the eighteenth century. Between 1804-07, Sheraton designed a chair to commemorate the battle of Trafalgar, the painting on the panels being pictures of battleships. Such chairs were made until 1830, as memory of Nelson's Victory lingered long.

The old chair was made by men who studied proportion carefully, steeping their minds in the five orders of architecture. Each chair was turned out complete by one workman, often by him who had designed it. Therein lies the reason for the perfection of the old furniture—each piece was a composition, the expression of an artist's taste.

# CONTACTS



*Ladies and Gentlemen—*

## THE CONQUERING HEROES!

Above, Romeo Rivers—left, Billy Bowman—and right, Jack Hughes—Eaton's own representatives on Canada's recently crowned Olympic Championship Hockey Team. It was Romeo, it will be remembered, who really won the series for the Canucks when he snapped in the tying goal in the last half minute of play in the second game against the U.S. Romeo punches the clock in 143 Department. Billy Bowman, 213 Department, is trainer of the Olympic squad; while Jack Hughes, probably the foremost hockey coach in Canada, is also regarded as no mean compositor down in 1203 Department (the Printing Plant).

With such a showing, it was small wonder that Olympic hockey should have been the most important subject in the world at Eaton's during the time the series was on—and our own particular pride in the boys' final achievement was, we like to feel, just a little keener than the average Canadian's pride—on account of our intimate personal interest.

Indeed, the Store's interest in the Olympic champions is even more deep-rooted than that. Actually, it would seem that the team was born at Eaton's. It happened this way:

Remember the old "Big Four"?—and Eaton's team, the year we won the fast-stepping

circuit? Think back, and you will remember that Jack Hughes was coach—Billy Bowman was trainer—Romeo Rivers was a player, so was his brother—so was Stoney Wise. Well! The following year Eaton's dropped out of the Big Four, our place being taken by the Grain Exchange who, incidentally, secured the services of most of our players, including the above named. And later still, when the Big Four broke up, the Grain Exchange team was reorganized as the "Winnipegs"—have remained so ever since—and are now Olympic champions!

So there!

# Among the SPORTSMEN



## OF GENERAL INTEREST

Away back in the year 1914, when the British Isles were being besieged by the Teutonic hordes, the Chief of the General Staff is reputed to have cabled to the Governor-General of Canada as follows:

"Proceed Winnipeg at once. Interview Mayor and find Foster Johnson. Instruct organize immediately Canadian Army Veterinary Corps. Failure carry out these instructions means the annihilation of Empire. Treat as urgent."

It is not necessary to say that these instructions were carried out to the letter, otherwise we would not be here. The situation was saved and one of Canada's *biggest* contributions to Britain in her time of need is shown on the picture above, demonstrating to thousands of admirers how to ride a bucking mule.

A few of the sportsmen and women connected with the Company realize, after a few years, how greatly sections of Foster's anatomy had suffered a severe strain during the anxious years of 1914-1918; so last Christmas they got together and made him a little gift of an easy chair, so that he can rest comfortably without any undue agony. At the same time a smoking cabinet was made part of the presentation, so that he could have some place to drop his ashes other than on his mother's carpet. Mr. Scrivener, on behalf of the various sporting organizations, made the presentation.

## Softball

March is here once more and it is time we were casting aside our red flannels, hockey sticks, skates and what not, so we will be ready for the first tuneful notes of the robin, which, translated into our language, means "Play Ball," and the old song will be heard, "Some bats and balls, please." Let's get organized early this year and be ready for another big successful season, one bigger than ever. Due to this wonderful magazine—*Contacts*—we feel that we can get to each member through its pages, and you are sure going to get plenty of news during the coming season.

We must thank Mr. B. C. Scrivener and Mr. Foster Johnson for the privilege of having our softball dances throughout the Winter. They are proving to be happy events. May we have many more of them.

We expect to hold our general meeting some time this month. Dates will be posted on the Time Office boards. We hope to have all of last year's teams represented and new ones will be welcomed. I understand that our most esteemed friend and utility player who copped the bacon from the Mercantile League last season, is taking his family of Ironmen to the Commercial League. Good luck to them.

## FOUL TIPS

It is rumored that Manager Harding and his hirelings are going to Florida for Spring training with Connie Mack's Athletics very shortly. Don't go, Olie, it will seem like the Sahara Desert.

\* \* \*

News has leaked out that the Giants will have to rely on their old standby, Johnnie Moore, to do the heavy hurling, and boy! won't we have to sit up and take notice.

\* \* \*

We understand that Geo. Allan is paying particular attention to his space-filler, Bill Marples, as he is carrying too much weight and causing him lots of worry.

\* \* \*

The Candies' management is having some worry over their ace receiver, as Percy is threatening to quit the game and take up croquet, as the game is getting too rough. You will have to raise his salary, Joe!

\* \* \*

There is a strong rumor afloat that the Lucky Strikes are turning their eyes toward A Division for a berth. It can be done, Percy, with your coaching.—L.R.

## The EATON Girls' Basketball League

### Composite Standing of Complete Schedule

Team	P.	W.	L.	For	Agst.	P.
Rogues .....	15	15	0	362	134	30
Summerettes ....	15	12	3	240	125	24
Spades .....	15	9	6	205	184	18
Maroons .....	15	5	10	103	206	10
Aces .....	15	2	13	55	149	4
Imps .....	15	2	13	59	196	4

### Scorer's Record of Players Who Have Scored Twenty Points or More

Player	Team	G.	B.	F.	Pts.
E. Porter, Rogues .....		15	73	10	156
Ann McCaffrey, Sum'ettes..		13	35	4	74
J. Bjerke, Spades .....		12	34	5	73
N. Davidson, Spades .....		13	30	6	66
Agnes McCaffrey, Sum'ettes		13	27	5	59
W. Porter, Rogues .....		8	24	3	51
T. Wallace, Summerettes....		13	25	1	51
N. McCorkill, Spades .....		14	25	1	51
I. Silverthorne, Maroons.....		12	21	5	47
M. Begg, Rogues .....		15	21	2	44
M. Sanders, Rogues .....		14	19	3	41
E. McConaghey, Maroons....		11	17	5	39
P. Cole, Rogues .....		15	15	3	33
M. Croft, Aces .....		5	14	0	28
L. Little, Summerettes .....		8	10	4	24
F. Musgrove, Rogues .....		14	11	2	24

Well, girls, we have completed our schedule and can say without fear that we have had a very successful season. In looking over the score book we find there were many close games played and many were the thrills and chills of those looking on at these fixtures.

As for the play—Rogues went through without a defeat. Summerettes, who finished second, were their chief opposition, and with a little more combined effort might have put a blot on the Rogues' record. Spades were next. Maroons showed a vast improvement over last season's play and finished fourth. Their style of play is very aggressive and credit is due them for having always had a full team out, even in former seasons when they only won one game. Imps came fifth and showed up well. Aces bring up the rear and improved in play after their troubles were ironed out. It is well to remember that both Imps and Aces were hit hard by players leaving to play senior, which automatically eliminates them from the Eaton League.

Last week's play brought together the Rogues and Summerettes for the last time. The game did not prove to be so exciting as was expected. Summerettes could not settle down to the game they are capable of playing, while the Rogues put up one of their strongest games of the season. Flo Musgrove was brilliant on defence and, with the Porter sisters, had a real night of it, while Rose Hollins and Peggy Cole worked like trojans all night. The relief line of M. Sanders, N. Martin and M. Begg worked well at all times. Summerettes' best was Terry Wallace who had hard luck at times. I. McKinnon was effective at defence. Rogues were the winners 20 to 8.

Spades defeated Aces 13 to 3, and this was a better game to watch, and play was very even



### LOOK WHO'S HERE!

*Pearl Park and Lil Devlin, versatile Spade defence stars, who have enjoyed one of their best seasons. Pearl's terpsichorean game has been referred to as the poetry of motion, and Lil's deep-sea diving has been a feature of every game. They are shown here in characteristic poses.*

until after half time when Spades began to pull away from the Ace forwards. Spades' best were E. Lindsay and P. Park. Aces' best were E. Hemsworth, O. Doughty and K. Simpson.

### FREE SHOTS AT THE BASKET

With the Winniepgs at Lake Placid, Jim Drake is again to be found with the Rogues every Monday night. It must feel good to belong to two championship clubs, Jimmy.

\* \* \*

Did you notice Kay Simpson, of the Aces, make that fine sprint with the ball under her arm. It looked like she was heading for a touchdown instead of a basket.

\* \* \*

By the way, Aces are to be given credit for their efforts during the last four games. They certainly tried hard, but lady luck would not look their way.

\* \* \*

Peanut Cameron handed the Aces' boss a rough one when he warned ze boss not to coach from the side, but never mind ze boss will get his own back yet.

\* \* \*

We are now at the end of our schedule and all that is left is the city championship play-off. We sincerely hope our Eaton representatives prove stiff opposition to the other leagues in the competition.

\* \* \*

Hats off to the Porter sisters. They certainly are a great pair of forwards and how they can find that basket with the ole apple. It sure is sweet to watch them unless you are on the opposing team.

\* \* \*

The executive takes this opportunity to thank all those people who have lent a helping hand during this, our second season, and hope that these people will be on hand when next season rolls around.

## Bowling Notes

### League Standing, February 16th

	Won	Lost
Drugs .....	15	9
Eighth Floor .....	14	10
Candies .....	13	11
Grocery .....	12	12
Shippers .....	9	15
Pill Pounders .....	9	15

And here are a few of the records which some of our outstanding trundlers have hung up for the others to shoot at.

#### "THE BIG FIVE"

	Games	Avge.
F. Hole .....	65	187.41
B. ("One-up") Bateman .....	61	185.38
A. Mabec .....	60	185.08
G. Holmes .....	59	184.32
C. Julius .....	62	182.30

#### LEAGUE RECORDS

High single game (individual). Livingston, 267.

High single game, counting handicap (individual). Livingston, 278.

High three games (individual). Woodward, 656.

High three games, counting handicap (individual). Payne, 716.

High single game. Team—Drugs, 1044.

High single game, counting handicap. Team—Drugs, 1085.

High three games. Team—Grocery, 2955.

High three games, counting handicap. Team—Grocery, 3135.

F. Woodward, of our Drug team, is the winner of the Breen Memorial Trophy.

With forty teams competing, Eaton's Commercial No. 2 Team won the City Commercial League last year. This season they have won the first series and are so far tied in the second, so that things look very promising for a repeat order. Four of the members of this team are in Dept. 206: Woodward, Bateman, Hole and Dundas. The others are Keough and Beiber.

'Member when McGregor, of 20 Dept., had his 300 score some years ago? Which recalls Ducky Holmes' (1224) neat string of seven 600's recently—and the brilliant 112 with which scatter Keough tied things up the other night.

And, of course, there are other good bowlers. If you don't believe it, ask Hal, of the G.O.

Although, as someone sagely remarked, the best games of all are not played on the alleys.

Someone was recalling the other day how the late Sir John Eaton, in his own inimitable fashion, never failed to remember the pin boys. And what enthusiastic bowlers both he and Mr. Harry McGee were.

After Monday's games with the Eighth Floor, the Groceries realize the ability of Art Mabec, now on a tour of Western Stores.

Now that Julius, of Pill Pounders, has arranged for definite possession of ball number 42, alibis will not be in order!

McNaught was overheard enquiring how the Eighth Floor retained their necessary handicap. Surely, if he would consider that President Artiss carries 28 pins handicap, such enquiries would be unnecessary!

We doff our bonnets reverentially to our two oldest members, H. Artiss and A. Payne, and enthusiastically welcome our two youngest, Kennedy and Quinn.

N.B.—Please observe the foul line!

## Football

Our football team, the Wanderers, held their annual meeting Thursday, February 11th. Despite a very stormy night, it was a well attended and enthusiastic gathering.

The following officers were elected to guide the club for the season 1932: President, Mr. B. C. Scrivener; Vice-President, Mr. A. P. Cameron; Manager, Mr. J. McKee; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. R. Robertson; Delegate to league, Mr. D. Leckie; Trainer, Mr. A. P. Cameron.

Any football players in the Store will be welcomed and given a try out for the team if eligible to play junior football.

## Hockey

Fourteen teams of hockey have sprung into existence in the last six weeks. We have players of all calibres. They are not playing in any organized league but arranging games and challenging one another as they fancy their abilities. The following are the new teams and aspirants to hockey fame:

Paulson's Radio Bugs, Lord's Musical Directors, Bobby Robertson's Big Bens, Percy Stewart's Candy Wallers, Harding's Ironmen, Dick Mulloy's Baby Snatchers, Johnny Moore's Despatch Riders, Sid Lentle's Bloodhounds, "Butch" Ross' Tigers, Art Wright's Dope Fiends, Cameron's Printers Angels, Ernie Latter's Humbergs, Bill Thompson's Shoe Horns, and Dinty Moore's Size-sticks. What they don't know about hockey they make up in enthusiasm. They are open at all times to arrange a game with any other department. Rules are made to suit all classes of players. Goalkeepers are allowed to wear rubbers instead of skates if deemed necessary.

Our girls' hockey, under Sammy McCallum's coaching, are coming along in fine shape. They played the Transcona girls' team at Transcona on January 18th and won easily, 6 to 1. On February 8th they played the Varsity team at the Amphitheatre to a scoreless draw, playing ten minutes overtime.

The same evening the City Store played the Mail Order, the latter winning 9 to 2. Sammy McCallum and Ross Forrest starred for the Mail Order team, and Frankie Anderton and Hodgert were the best of the City team. We hear that Art Harding, manager of the Mail Order team, recommended the City goalie to Stan Carter. We also hear that these two teams have another game arranged for the near future and that the City boys are out to win. We

# CONTACTS



THE EATON GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

Reading from left to right: Verna Musgrove, Florence Musgrove, Babe Goodman, Bessie Pickersgill, Goodie Goodman, May Manson, Ollie Torrance, Helen Ransom, Kay Bowser, Sig. Breckman.

were pleased to see Mr. John David Eaton and Mr. and Mrs. Scrivener among the spectators and all seemed much interested in the games. Don't miss these games as you will see well-contested hockey.

Line ups: Mail Order—Forrest, Arneson, McCallum, Tomes, Ridgedale, Mulloy, Nixon, Purkis, Littler and Ruttelle.

City—Mathias, McCormick, Davis, Hodgert, Watson, Anderton, Farquhar, Grey, Price, Stanton and Chambers.

Referee—Harvey Benson.

\* \* \* \*

## "Ice Cracklings"

Oh, what a fine evening's entertainment we had at the Amphitheatre Rink, on February 8th, for the large sum of 15 cents. It could not have been beaten.

\* \* \*

In the royal box sat Mr. W. Simpson as a guest of the Girls' Hockey Club. Yes, he bought those peanuts.

\* \* \*

Some of the notables who were there—Mr. W. Marples, Mr. Geo. Allan, Mr. J. Ross, Mr. A. Harding, Mr. J. Ferguson and Mr. E. Thorpe.

\* \* \*

Did anybody notice the good luck charm that May, our goalie, was carrying from end to end. 'Twas the uneatable end of a turkey.

\* \* \*

And nothing to nothing was the score. We surely should have had two goals but that Shaw girl was another Chuck Gardiner, she was unbeatable.

\* \* \*

Has anybody noticed Art Harding smoking cigars lately? Only three of his players smoked.

\* \* \*

Mail Order people had to be careful when they did their shopping the next day. They did it mostly in groups.

The score was 9 to 2 for the Mail Order.

What is it going to be, Stan, two out of three?

\* \* \*

They are going to put some armour plate behind the goals to protect the rink, as Arnason pushed the end out of the rink with one of his shots. Somebody said it went right through the goalie.

\* \* \*

Yes, Sammy sure made a difference to the Mail Order team. The score was two to nothing for the City when he took the ice, but it was not long before it was three to two for the Mail Order when he got going.

\* \* \*

Yes, Harvey, it is kind of tough on us old men trying to keep up with those young bloods. Never mind, you did well.

\* \* \*

Alex Cameron says it is warmer watching a football game than keeping time for a hockey game.

## Five-Pin Bowling

There is not much to report in the Five-Pin Bowling League this month except that our Duck Pin League will commence on the 12th of April, and play for nine weeks. Sufficient teams have entered to make this possible, so as soon as the Five-Pin Bowling season is over we will commence Duck Pins. However, there will be another issue of *Contacts* before we start play.

League standings to date are as follows:

### MIXED BOWLING LEAGUE

#### DIVISION "A"

	Won	Lost
Wampas .....	14	7
Ramblers .....	14	7
Dubs .....	12	9
Headpins .....	12	9
Lucky Strikes .....	11	10
Scotias .....	10	11
Snappies .....	7	14
Ringers .....	4	17

## WITHOUT HANDICAP

Ladies' three games—Miss Holburn, Dubs, 752.  
Ladies' single game—Miss Blondel, Wampas, 354.

Men's three games—Mr. Dickie, Wampas, 815.  
Men's single game—Mr. Clarke, Wampas, 351.

## WITH HANDICAP

Ladies' three games—Miss McIvor, Wampas, 746.

Ladies' three games—Miss Holburn, Dubs, 746.  
Ladies' single game—Miss Blondel, Wampas, 348.

Men's three games—Mr. Johnson, Lucky Strikes, 861.

Men's single game—Mr. Walsh, Dubs, 363.

## DIVISION "B"

	Won	Lost
Olympics .....	15	6
Printers .....	13	8
Washouts .....	12	9
Dandies .....	10	11
Heathers .....	10	11
Tornadoes .....	9	12
Troubadours .....	8	13
Set Ups .....	7	14

## WITHOUT HANDICAP

Ladies' three games—Miss Morris, Troubadours, 674.

Ladies' single game—Miss Pellor, Set Ups, 298.  
Men's three games—Mr. Shaw, Washouts, 816.  
Men's single game—Mr. Merrett, Olympics, 380.

## WITH HANDICAP

Ladies' three games—Miss Brierley, Heathers, 759.

Ladies' single game—Miss Hollins, Dandies, 311.

Men's three games—Mr. Shaw, Washouts, 855.  
Men's three games—Mr. Curry, Olympics, 855.  
Men's single game—Mr. Merrett, Olympics, 389.

## SPLITS AND STRIKES

Have you ever seen Frank Walsh do the rumba act? \* \* \*

When Jack Merrett gets a headpin he thinks a swear word; Mrs. Smallwood looks one. \* \* \*

We hear that Mike Johnson and Tommy Scott have plans to capture the doubles in the coming tournament. Let them beware of Tommy Shaw and Bruce Richardson. \* \* \*

On the evenings that K. Meharry and Foster Johnson's teams meet, the alleys "creak." \* \* \*

Vera Higgs, latest addition to our league, has caused panic among the pin boys. She takes aim by peeping over the ball, and the boys don't know which of them she is aiming at. \* \* \*

Gertie Thompson made whoopee with the maples the other night when she made eight strikes in a row. \* \* \*

Norman McDonald caused much consternation among his team mates on Tuesday evening, arriving a minute ahead of time. \* \* \*

Lillian Blondel is sure hitting the high spots lately. Tuesday, February 9th, she bowled 327, and February 16th, 348.

## The New

# Auditorium

Have you been observing the progress of the new Auditorium they're building up on the Seventh Floor? When it's completed it's going to be one of the most interesting features of the Store's many-sided life.

The new Auditorium will seat about 350 comfortably—the roomy stage will be suitably equipped—and there will be ample dressing-room accommodation. Many and varied are the activities planned to take place—fashion talks and fashion displays—lectures by authorities of interior decorating, home management, and kindred subjects—talks by visiting authors and other celebrities.

The Auditorium will open on March 1st, when Miss Katharine Middleton will hold the first of the 1932 Cooking School Classes. These will continue to be held on Tuesday and Friday of each week until further notice.

A special presentation of the Spring Fashion Show will be offered for the benefit of employees only, on one evening of Fashion Opening Week.

## Special vs. Regular

Why, with a customer who is obviously of an open mind in regard to what she is going to buy—who wants a suggestion placed before her—why, we rise to enquire, do so many of our sales people immediately steer her towards a low-priced special and pass up the opportunity of introducing a regular line?

It's at least a fifty-fifty chance in such a case that the regular—even if higher in price—is actually more in line with the customer's own vaguely-formed ideas of what she wants—is, in other words, half sold already. That is to say it will be just as difficult to sell one such customer *away* from the regular *down* to the special as it will be to sell her neighbor *away* from the special *up* to the regular. And these things being equal, it is in every case saner selling—and far better business—to put across the regular.

Bear in mind, too, that in advertising most of our specials, "early shopping is strongly recommended." The "special" shopper, if we may so term her, invariably arrives early and asks for what she wants. It is quite reasonable to assume, therefore, that the customer who comes in late in the morning, and doesn't ask for the special, doesn't want it.

Why offer it?